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The Pulse

THE CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN
STUDENTS, ALUMNI AND FACULTY
OF THE

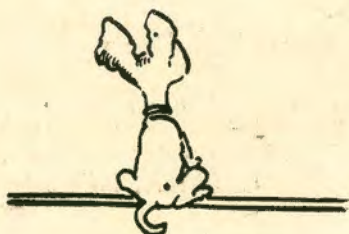
UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA COLLEGE OF MEDICINE

Vol. XI

FEBRUARY 26, 1917

No. 6

The American Boy will at last decay
And his Youth's Companion die.
Hearts and Scribner will pass away
And Judge will Motor by;
A Century see the World's Work done
And Vanity Fair retired.
Life in this Technical World be run—
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THE PULSE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA COLLEGE OF MEDICINE
42nd and Dewey Ave., OMAHA, NEBRASKA

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STAFF:

H. UPDEGRAFF, Associate Editor

CLASS EDITORS

L. B. Brown, '20

R. P. Westover, '18

L. Riggert, '17

E. J. Krahulik, '19

C. F. HOLLENBACK, Circulation Manager

ROY T. MAUER, Business Manager

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EDITORIAL.



Regardless of the man—at this moment in history—that something called Patriotism which is merely another name for “fair play” has caused Nebraska to step forward and do her bit. On the evening of February 6th, at a mass meeting in R. 208 of the College of Medicine, fifty students volunteered for service should the call to colors sound. It is for us—who did not sign to consider for a moment—the real sacrifice which each man there made. If the call does come—there will be another fifty before the echoes die.

While we are pounding away—it is always pleasant to be able to look forward to a holiday. University Day in Omaha last year was enjoyed by some 500 students from the Lincoln campus. Plans are going steadily ahead for a like event this year. Have you decided yet—who you are going to give your day over to—and who will share your hospitality? Here's a chance to play the early bird and strike while the iron is hot (no reference to Jeff's Abyssinian Wood Pecker.)



Patient: “Doctor, what I need is something to stir me up—something to put me in fighting trim. Did you put anything like that in this prescription?”

Doctor: “No. You will find that in the bill.”—Judge.

Now that Creighton has hooked a Class A standing with the powers that be—it behooves the student body to come off the perch abit—and boost—not that boosting has been a negative factor at Nebraska, but that from now on, it will be a fight worth while. Granted that there is only one best man in this friendly tussle—nevertheless—a little watching of our P's and Q's and a boost now and then to the doctor's in the home town—will not only be a good thing, but will fill an actual need.



SCIENTIFIC HOUSEWIFE.

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
 And the sodium alkali,
 For I'm going to make a pie, mamma,
 I'm going to make a pie,
 For John will be hungry and tired, ma,
 And his tissues will decompose—
 So give me a gramme of phosphate,
 And the carbon and cellulose.

Now, give me a chunk of casein, ma,
 To shorten the thermic fat;
 And hand me the oxygen bottle, ma,
 And look at the thermostat;
 And if the electric oven's cold,
 Just turn on half an ohm,
 For I want to have supper ready,
 As soon as John comes home.

Now, pass me the neutral dope, mamma,
 And rotate the mixing machine,
 But give me the sterilized water first
 And the oleomargarine,
 And the phosphate too, for, now I think,
 The new typewriter's quit,
 And John will need more phosphate food
 To help his brain a bit.

Chicago News.

THE IDEAL DOCTOR.

A physician, who doesn't flinch when called "Doc."

A surgeon, who is not busy.

The young Doc, who is actuated by philanthropy in doing dispensary work.

Has never felt the urge to visit Rochester, Minn.

an unfortunate event which must be overlooked. The place often becomes so crowded that you are tempted to ask who was elected.

I only had one case of gas-poisoning. As the ambulance drew up the policeman said: "Hurry up, Doc, a bad case of gas-poisoning." Rushing in the room, I found an Italian sitting up in bed rubbing his abdomen, exclaiming, "Oh Doc, too mucha da gas, too mucha da gas!" This is the only call I had that I could really expand my lungs and have a good hearty laugh.

After being on the ambulance service I drew at least one inevitable conclusion. Demon Rum is the cause of it all. Prohibition must first of all hold sway before even the slightest progress can be made in ameliorating these unfortunate conditions.

The ambulance service teaches a man to be self-reliant—forget excitement and embarrassment—the crowd is watching every movement you make. A rapid diagnosis and quick decision must be made. It is a service that is worth anyone's while to take and I feel fortunate to have had it.

LET'S CALL THIS "ON THE Q. T."

To a cute little doctor
Came a cute little skirt
With acute appendicitis,
And a tummy that hurt.

A cute little ice-bag
Was put on her side
And a cute pyosalpinx
Began to subside.

OMAHA UNIVERSITY GIRLS—LOVE AND FINANCES.



If a recent report be true, the young ladies of the University of Omaha have declared a boycott on husbands earning less than \$1,500 a year. Inasmuch as nine-tenths of male wage-workers get less than the required amount, it is fortunate for the morals, happiness and perpetuation of the race that all the fair sex have not such highly-developed tastes.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE.

"Doctor," said a citizen as he overtook him on the street, "what do you do in case of a gone stomach?"

"Well," replied the doctor, thoughtfully, "I've never had such a case myself, but I would recommend you to advertise for it and then sit down in the large easy-chair and wait until somebody brings it back."
—The Doctor's Leisure Hour.

JUNIOR CHARACTERISTICS.

Who has not heard of—
 Burman and his Hair Tonic.
 Dutch Folken and His Bull.
 Mrs. Brandt and her Private Lectures.
 Losey and his Ponies. (He stays up all night to groom them for the race).
 Andy Dow of the Dundee Clan.
 Meyer and his Pulse subscription.
 Owen and His Grin.
 Beede and iHs Black Eye.
 Mauer and His Percussion Hammer.
 Steve Weyer and His Famous Note Book.
 Westover and his "Yes, Yes."
 Larsen and the County Hospital.
 Wear and "Cyclic Activity."
 Safarik and his Flow of Thot.
 Davis and his Peculiar Gait (get his blood).
 Breuer and Cassidy—The Gold Dust Twins.
 Eusden and Matthews Book concern at St. Louis.
 Figi and his A. O. A.
 Frandsen and the Eigth Proposal at Omaha Uni.
 Rudi Johnson, Bantin and the Sweetish Odor.
 Schembeck and his Steam Calliope.
 Walker and his Bacteriological Cigar.
 Ken Thompson and his Store.
 Edwine Hanish, the Cave Man.
 Weigand and his O. B. S.

MEDICAL AMBULANCE CORPS IS FORMED.**Services Offered to President Wilson. Fifty Students Sign Up.**

Tuesday evening, February 6th, a Student Mass meeting was held, the Freshmen, Sophomore and Junior classes, being the chief participants. Dr. Poynter first spoke, emphasizing the fact that the formation of such a detachment should not be due to any maudlin sentiment but rather a recognition on the part of the medical student that this is merely a preparedness measure, which all agree is a much surer way to peace.

Dr. Eggers, a member of the regular U. S. Medical Reserve Corps, gave a short talk along the same line, followed by a few words from Dr. Stokes, also a member of the Regular U. S. Medical Reserve Corps. Dr. Stokes brought out a comparatively unknown fact that in any war—more members of the Ambulance Corps have received medals for heroic deeds (loud applause), than members of the regular troops, thereby drawing attention to the fact that life on the ambulance corps is not so free from danger as is popularly believed.

Col. Bannister gave a final talk, briefly outlining the status of a

Volunteer Medical Ambulance Detachment, and showing the benefits to be derived to the medical student of belonging to such a detachment.

R. T. Mauer was elected temporary secretary, after which fifty students volunteered their services, this number being sufficient to form a Corps.

The names were immediately telephone to Chancellor Avery at Lincoln, who was asked to offer their services to President Wilson.

Other members of the Medical Faculty, who belong to the Regular Reserve Medical Corps are Drs. A. A. Johnson and Lynn T. Hall.

ALUMNI NEWS.

Dr. Sims, who took work at both Nebraska and Rush, has had a very prosperous year at the metropolis of North Platte. He is now doing some active investigation regarding the relative merits of serums now on the market.

Dr. Jim Woodward of Aurora, Neb., and a member of Phi Rho Sigma fraternity, brought a patient to the physiology department—this last February 12—for an electro cardiograph examination. We're sorry that Jim can't get more patients so that he can come down oftener.

Dr. Dean Woodward at Watsonville, Calif., is reported by his brother, Jim (see above), as having a very eventful year—the main event so far, being the birth of a bouncing baby male.

Dr. D. D. King has not been heard of lately. We hope your arm is well by this time, King, so that you will be able to write again and we're sorry to hear that you had broken it.

Dr. John H. Goodnough, graduate of the University of Nebraska and a member of Phi Rho Sigma, announces his engagement to Miss Megan Myfanwy Thomas, '16, of Stanford University. Miss Thomas was graduated from the Stanford economics department last May, and was a member of the Delta Delta Delta sorority. Dr. Goodnough is a physician for the Union Pacific Coal Co. at Reliance, Wyo. The wedding will take place early this coming summer.

"JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE FRIENDS AND RELATIVES."

Scene: Fourth floor drinking fountain on the day before the great Anatomy examination.

Dr. Poynter to Weeth and Melcher: "Drink pretty creatures, drink."

And straightway Weeth and Melcher think on the all embracing, and embalming Rubaiyat which says: "For tomorrow you die," and so it was, (we hope).

Aye so it was (sage noddings in order).

"OWNERS" TO GET APPENDIX BACK.**Senior Pathologist O. K. s the Appendices**

Pierre, S. D., Jan. 29.—South Dakotans will be protected from unscrupulous practitioners who diagnose any illness as appendicitis and then perform an operation, under a bill prepared for introduction in the state legislature. This bill would require that all appendices, removed in operations, be sent to the state laboratory for examination. These appendices after being examined would then be returned to their respective "owners," together with a certificate showing their condition. In the event an appendix was not diseased the "owner"

would be relieved of any liability for payment for the operation under the bill.—Daily News.

If we're not mistaken Pierre, S. D. is where they publish Jim Jams Jems. Personally, we wouldn't want an appendix to that back.

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO.

Betz flaringly advertises "A Rectal Speculum That Needs No Introduction."

A CLEAR CASE OF SUSTITUTION.

"Doc" Hollenbeck (our pseudo druggist) asleep in church the other Sunday, heard the preacher cry forth—"Is there no balm in Gilead?"

Hollenbeck moves uneasily and rubs his eyes—"All out at present," he murmurs gently; "but I can give you something just as good."

Afterwards he slept more peacefully.

(Please excuse this old joke. We had to fill space.—Ed.)

Boston Transcript—Kaiser Wilhelm has bestowed 10,000 iron crosses and 5,000,000 wooden crosses.

SCORE ONE FOR ABE.

"Abe Lincoln was at one time very sick with smallpox. He said to the attendant: 'Send up all of the office seekers and tell them I've got something I can give each of them'."

THE PULSE BOX.

See Dr. Coolen.—No odds ast in measles, hooping-coff, mumps and diarrhear. I curem all. No cure. No pay.—Adv.

Doe Hoffman—Bald head, bunions, corns, warts, cancer, ingrowing toe nails, coleck, cramps and costiveness nailed on sight.—Adv.

**SPLITTING HAIRS.**

Riddle—A rabbit inside of a billy goat.

Question—What is it?

Answer—Hare in the Butter.

(Some one dropped this one in the box without first shaving off the whiskers.—Ed.)

Who is this guy, Ed, anyhow?

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Do you remember the ordeal, when as a young upstart, you visited your country cousin? You alighted from the train and walked down the village street—conscious of your town clothes, cut to the latest style, but more conscious of the staring countenances of the old gray village stove hounds at the corner postoffice and whispered gibes of the young country clouts in front of the pool hall and soft drinks emporium. Your cousin, who came to town in his overalls, met you with a lumber wagon. Up this lumber wagon you bravely climbed, but got some axle grease on your new suit, amid the admiring applause of the aforementioned stove hounds and pool sharks. A week later upon leaving the place, you went through the same gauntlet—going home with a feeling that you were mighty thankful that you were not a poor hayseed. Of course, as you grew older your views changed, for now your country cousin owns 320 acres of Iowa land and a Cadillac Eight, not to mention a miscellany of bulls, hogs, etc., while you are a poor medical student feeling mighty lucky to possess an O. B. car (Ford).

One year while you were studying medicine at the College of Medicine of Nebraska University, you visited Creighton University, and especially the Creighton Medical College. After inspecting the place, you went back to your own school with a feeling of thankfulness that you were not going to graduate from a school where the hat rack is located at the Farnam alleys, the cloak room at the Henshaw hotel, the men's smoking and rest room in the lobby of the Paxton, and the place for eating your daily cheese ka-poooh-poooh sandwich at the I. W. W. cafeteria. However, as you grow older, you may again regret this unjust prejudice—especially if the only other doctor in town, a Creighton graduate, is hog-tying all the practice, while you are resting upon your Nebraska Uni degree to offer him competition.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore had much the same experience when he visited this country not long ago. We respect Tagore because he is

the winner of the Nobel prize for poetry and also because of his famous school for boys in India, over which he presides. Yet about the second day that Tagore set foot on this soil, Ed. Howe of Kansas, published a statement in his Monthly that "Tagore Is an Ass." The reason Ed. Howe concluded that Tagore was a contemporary of Balaam's beast of burden was based on the fact that Sir Tagore wrote poetry. After digesting this expression, we can perhaps forgive Ed. Howe that he does not have any appreciation of poetry. Later, when Sir Tagore was in Omaha numerous pseudo-reporters were puzzled why Sir Tagore remained in his room at the Fontenelle and had his meals brought to him—even making mention of this fact in the daily papers.

However, Sir Tagore unraveled this mystery in an interview with some newspaper men at San Francisco just before embarking for India. He frankly told them that his tour in America had been unpleasant.

"America has the daring and inexperience of youth," he said. "She is like a four-year-old child just beginning to ask questions.

"I have found much impoliteness and crudeness. Why do Americans laugh at me because I wear my country's clothes? Much of the time I had to stay in my room and take my meals there to avoid the staring, whispering and laughing.

"In Japan nobody laughed."

The poet's remarks appeared to be in the nature of observations and devoid of personal resentment. (As Ed. Howe grows older he may also change his views.)

The sum, gist and nutshell of this fable may be expressed in the following little axiom:

"Life is not a holiday, but an education."

HIRE A HAUL!



Loco motor a-Taxi that can be recommended for all cases. At your service for funerals, demonstration quizzes, star chamber. Nothing like a ride in the fresh air after an afternoon in Chem. Lab.

While we don't usually run Patent Medicine ads. Ike Northrup was so loud in his praise of this Missouri snake cure and all around beautifier that we consented to run the add this issue. We refer all applicants to Mistah Northrup.



NOW THAT SEMESTER'S EXAMS ARE OVER

We can come back to the war for a little light reading. Here is a bit of verse which we can all appreciate. Really it wouldn't be hard to paraphrase this little bit of "The White Road to Verdun" to that last examination schedule.

Of two things one is certain,
 Either you're mobilized or you're not mobilized;
 If you are mobilized, of two things you are certain,
 If you are mobilized, of two things you are certain,
 Either you're behind the lines or on the front.
 If you're behind the lines there is no need to worry;
 If you're on the front, of two things one is certain,
 Either you're resting in a safe place or you're on the front.
 If you're behind the lines why worry?
 If you're exposed to danger, of two things one is certain,
 Either you're wounded seriously or you're wounded slightly.
 If you're wounded slightly there is no need to worry,
 And if you're wounded seriously of two things one is certain,
 Either you recover or you die.
 If you recover there is no need to worry;
 If you die you can't worry.

WHY MORE SOPHS DIDN'T GET 90 IN BACTERIOLOGY.

Question: What disease is caused by a pigmented organism?
 Answer: Black death.

Question: What disease is caused by *S. Obermeiri*?
 Answer: Jaws.

Question: Give the portal of infection of *B. Typhosus*.
 Answer: The elementary tract.

A BOOK WHICH IS REALLY WORTH READING.

What Men Live By. Richard C. Cabot, M. D. Houghton Mifflin Co. XXI and 340 pp. \$1.50 net.

"Popular psychological writings rank next to fiction these days in volume of production and in demand by the reading public. Psychotherapy, crowd psychology, psychology of crime, psychology of sex, psychology of religious phenomena, "New Thought," these and kindred subjects, whether well or ill treated, command the attention of the day. Perhaps the most notable of all the works in this line issued in the past two years is Dr. Richard C. Cabot's book, "What Men Live By." Unlike many writers in this field, Dr. Cabot is not an extremist. This



may be due to the scientific habit of mind, for the author is a professor in Harvard Medical School, besides being in large practical demand as a diagnostician of disease. He has written much in his scientific line the past fifteen years and is a recognized authority, his books on "Physical Diagnosis" and "Clinical Examination of the Blood" having gone through five editions each. But he is a man as well as a specialist. His work is to study and heal men's bodies, but his interest is in all that goes to make up personality, from the physical up to the spiritual. In this book, the title of which is taken from one of Tolstoy's most exquisite short-story allegories, he develops the thought that the things men really live by are work, play, love and worship. To this conclusion he came while pondering over the problem of healing sick bodies in the Social Service Department of the Massachusetts General Hospital. He presents his ideas with a literary charm not always at the command of scientific writers, reminding one of those two other doctor-authors, Dr. John Browne and Oliver Wendell Holmes. The following passage is characteristic:

"Originality of thought and speech is perhaps the least important of the sincerities which are the goal of all earnestness. To brace up one's standards in any sorriest corner of their tattered and disreputable substance is to be original, and that in the most arduous and honorable way. Why shouldn't a man stop beating his wife's long-suffering soul with the cudgels of his inconsiderateness? To be more decent to her would be a perfectly original work of art, doubtless hung upon the line in the gallery of man's humorous or pathetic approximations to the beauty of holiness."



Note.—Be it sworn before me this 14th day of February—George's Birthday—that this here contribution was dropped in The Pulse box by parties unknown.—The Editor.

THE CLINKER CLUB.

Our Hobby—Clink, Clink, Chase That Clink.

High Arch Clinker.....	Mrs. Brandt
Keeper of the Hot Cinder.....	Brother Wear
Receptacle for the Dead Cinder.....	Lamphere
Treasurer	Weinberg

A meeting was held recently, the treasurer's collection extracted and election of class representatives closed a successful session. The following were elected by a black ballot:

Senior Representative	Davis
Junior Representative	Fred A. Fiji
Soph. Representatives.....	Max Block
Frosh Representative	MacCormick

(For Don Owen's benefit we will explain this joke. It seems that after a professor has given a full hour's brilliant and enjoyable lecture and thrown out many hot coals of thought and fact to the class—certain of the dissatisfied ones must needs mar the scene by delaying said doctor after class and extract such dead cinders and ashes of thought which remain over from the lecture—thereby increasing their chance for an A. O. A.? Now don't come around and ask further explanations, Don.)

SENIOR NOTES.

Aage Brix, with his inventional ideas, has patented a new type of vaginal speculum, which he claims to be more efficacious than any now on the market. His talent is not limited to invention but also to discovery. To illustrate: His latest research has developed the most startling phenomenon that Chorio-epithelomia is the most common tumor on the testis.

Davis also has vivid imaginations, when he makes the statement that Acne Rosacea is most commonly found on the chest.

In the Class of Dermatology,
Gifford falls asleep,
Goes into somnambulology,
And falls out of his seat.
Then suddenly awakening,
By the hubub he is making,
Finds to his great surprise,
That it is not sunrise.

Johnson holds the best record in obstetrics of any student in the history of the school. He goes to a confinement case and is told that he is a "whole lot kid," but after delivering twin babies he is informed that "By golly you may be little but you are a good doctor."

Lake, since he has become druggist at the County Hospital, has become a somnambulist. On one occasion, he was seen in bed from 8-10 p. m. The next hour the bed was vacated and he was found by the night watchman reading a newspaper among the inmates in China Town.

Montgomery's reputation as a physician is now spreading outside of the city limits and he is now receiving calls from Albright, Ralston, Florence, Benson and East Omaha. This extensive practice, however, in no way interferes with his daily lectures on "The Physician and His Fees" or "The Value of Rubber Gloves in Gynecological Work," even though it does make him continually late to classes.

Otis Martin, inspite of his war-like appearance, now has a new title by which he is known among his classmates namely, "The Dove of Peace."

Beginning with the new semester, Nedergaard has revised his system of note taking. A sample of his notes reads something like this:

"Monday morning—weather cloudy—class enters operating room headed by Montgomery—Sherwood and Lake absent—Ross clad in loud shirt—patient brought in by three nurses, one of whom has red hair—Patient does not take anesthetic well—incision made with knife—some hemorrhage, arteries clamped with artery forceps—Surgeon has hole in glove."

The only thing that Kriz ever approved of was the "splash-board" in the L. R. S. System.

Moving picture reel of Sinamark on an Obstetrical case: Rushes to answer the telephone and receives a hurry up call. Flies around to hunt up cap and coat, forgetting collar and necktie. Dashes out of the door, leaving it open, bolts for the car line and catches the first car along. While thinking intensely of the case he is called down by the conductor for forgetting to pay his fare. Upon hurried investigation he finds himself in pajamas and on the wrong car. Transfers and finally arrives at case. Opens grip and finds the contents to be one artery clamp and olive oil for the baby. Having nobly performed his duty he returns homeward, forgetting to report case to Dr. Taylor. Here the reel breaks and the next picture shown Andrew peacefully sleeping during class hours the next day.

The Senior class extend their heartfelt sympathy to V. V. Talcott, who recently has been suffering from a severe attack of lumbago. We hope for speedy recovery.

Under the spreading chestnut tree
Our Classmate Sherwood stands.
And while he freely spreads the B.,
He gestures with his hands.

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

Red Nolan's prescription for salve:
RX

Zinc oxide 2 oz.

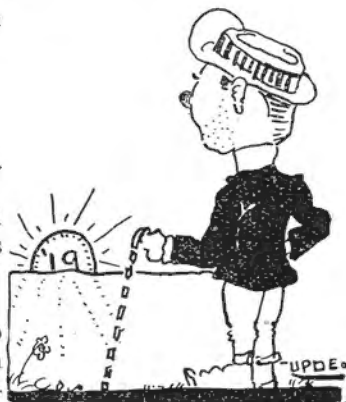
Petrolatum q. s. ad. 100 oz.

mix.

(Addenda.—Make 100 such buckets).

Northrup is suffering from a sprained wrist, encountered while handing his book to the teacher.

A freshman is extending thanks to Freidell for this semester's books, which Friday presented to him during a "moment" of generosity.



Fuller Bailey "shot" a borrowed "four bits" in church the other Sunday. He says it was because a true christian spirit moved him but we are of the opinion that it was simply a necessary effort to coax out that coveted "stand-in" with someone else's mother.

Seen in Bro. Wear's Note Book: "Patient is suffering from decomposition of the heart."

Dr. Goetz (getting a patient's family history in detail): "And did your mother ever have any nervous trouble?"

Patient: "Oh, yes."

Dr. Goetz: "Yes. Now tell us what kind of nervous trouble she had."

Patient: "Gall stones."

YE MEDICAL STUDENT—HEAR YE!



An old writer says that there are four sorts of readers: "Sponges, who attract all without distinguishing; Howre-glasses, which receive and pour out as fast; Bagges, which retain only the dregges of the spices and let the wine escape; and Sieves, which retain the best only."

(Quoted from Sir William Osler.)

Aim for the Sieve stage. i. e. clinkers are included under dregges.

FROSH NOTES.

During the semester just finished five of our members have for various or the same reasons, left school, the latest being, "Hong Kong" alias "One Lung Hi," who has departed for parts unknown. Thus the Wild Woman will again have cold hands.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH IN ONE BREATH.

Time—11:30, Friday evening.

Place—Phi Rho House.

Shorty Collin's father, who has arrived on a late train. "Is this where Mr. Collins lives?"

Voice from Above—"Yes, the door is unlocked, bring him in!"



These occasional warm days turn our thoughts to spring and with thoughts of spring comes the baseball dope. Our scouts have been busy and from the present prospects the Sophs can start saving their money. While on the same line, we have thought that this said game takes place before May 1.

Last Thursday noon our Frosh heavyweight, feeling the pangs of hunger, decided to take a chance at the "Greasy Spoon." While there and enjoying a bounteous repast (??), the above mentioned crime is said to have been perpetuated. It seems they rolled off his knife.

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